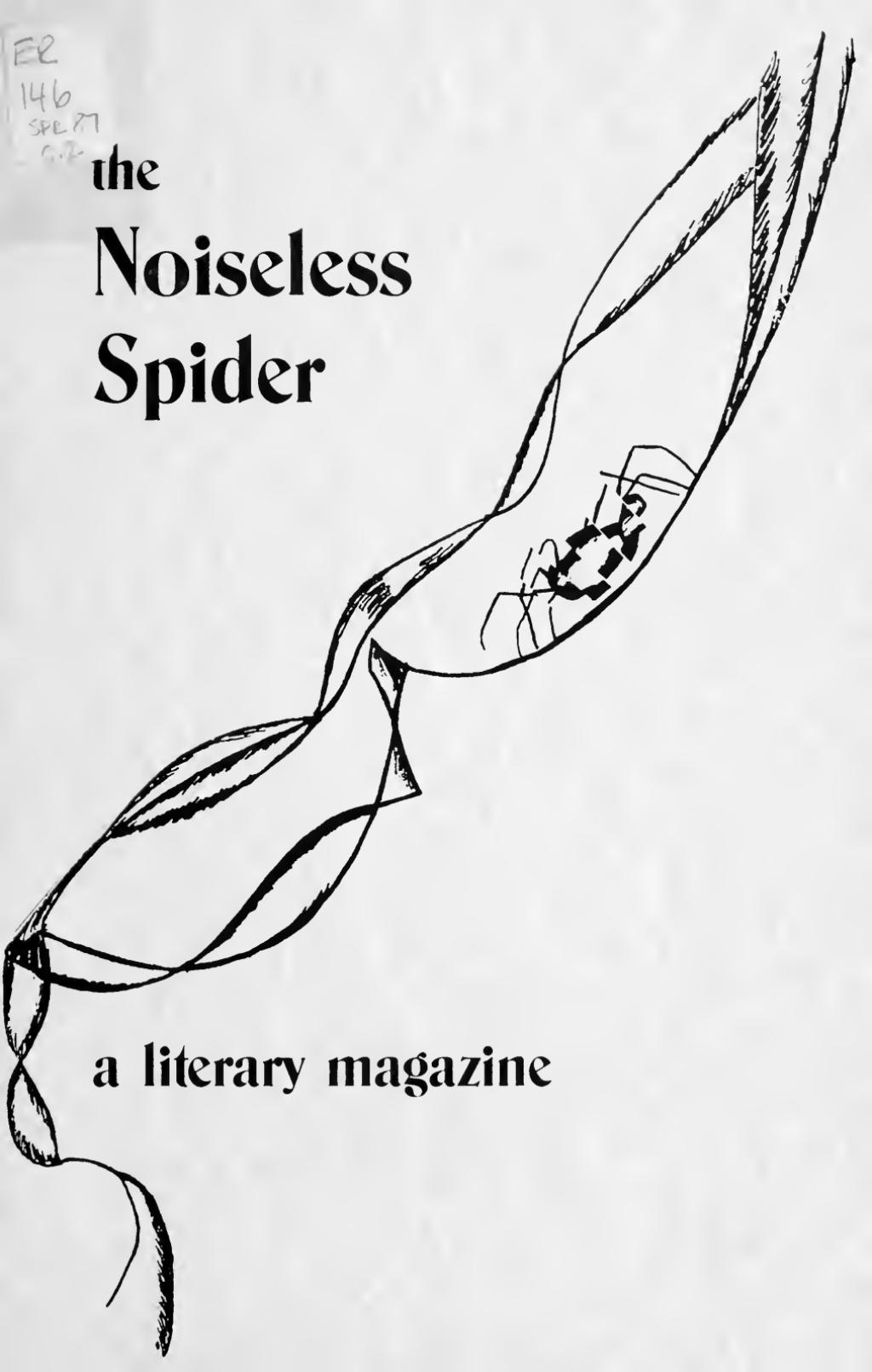


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Noiseless Spider

a literary magazine



THE NOISELESS SPIDER

Vol. XVII

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We the Editors dedicate this issue to:

"Promoting Enduring Peace, Inc."
*A Non-Profit, Non-Political Religious
and Education Organization*



*The Editorial Board: Frank Petrucci, Michelle J. Abboud,
Abigail S. White*

Cover design: Abigail S. White

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Sculpted Love

*I was an innocent school girl
when I met you; or rather
you found me
and molded me to what you
wanted me to be*

*I melted under your touch
and molded myself to fit
what you wanted*

*I accepted
trusted
believed
all you told me*

*you made me fall in love with you
and once I did
you left me standing there
alone among the statues*

*you were not happy with your artwork
and went on to find
another piece of clay*

Karen Berka

The Inevitable

*As we grow up we promise
ourselves not to turn out like
our parents.*

*We break their rules, criticize
their faults, and laugh at their
choice of apparel.*

*But the older we become, the
more similarities we find
between ourselves and our parents.*

*We turn the corner to find
ourselves walking in their shoes,
using their words, and dressing
in polyester.*

Jennifer Stone

College Studying

*College studying,
Ah! What a bore—*

*When you consider academics
The way students abhor.*

*Get good grades,
Study real hard.*

*Never play, just get
A straight "A" report card.*

*Rack your brains
'Till they turn into mud
And the pressure itself
Clogs up the blood.*

*Joy in Life
Has all gone away.
Your head in the book
You study all day.*

*Brainy spectacles,
Your leather briefcase
Dark circles under eyes
Life lost— such a waste!*

Michelle J. Abboud

Dear John:

*weave your weblike fingers
down
running through the pastel
colour
over the insensitive words
not
to even scar them.
dry
and he will never know.
splash.
another salty remembrance
trickles
off the sheet.
Oh,
how it used to be sweet.*

ICHABOD

pocket person

*i want to be small
very small
small enough to sit
in one's pocket
and when they swat
at an insect
i will be killed
the only thing left
will be a small
red spot
no bigger than a
pin head
no better than a
tear.*

ICHABOD

Actors and Reactors

*In this world there are actors and reactors,
the mobile, the immobilized,
the dreamers of vast horizons, the fearful.*

*Each person at some time period in his existence "becomes,"
and with new wisdom passes through
the dangerously scarring phases.*

*We are born with self-confidence, and are not weary
to any of life's circumstances.*

*We are tall, solid, and majestically powerful
figures in our being.*

*As we stroll along life's secular, progressing turmoil,
our minds become a muddled result of the already changed
superficials of others who surround us.*

*Deep in the heart; the soul, we remain unchanged
throughout our existence. If the peace is reached towards,
the almost never ceasing confusion comes to a sudden halt.
It is no longer part of us, nor are we deeply a part of it.
It surrounds us, but the never terminating eternal peace
revives us, from a long ignored ocean.*

Corinne Lebrun

It

*They are plagued by passion.
What choice do they have?
Among men it is fashion.*

*Truth for them is tiring fun.
It wastes their real selves
As it, the battle, has won.*

*They lower themselves to beasts.
"Oh, but it's so fulfilling!"
My ass it is! It just cheats!*

*No longer are they individuals.
They are slaves to passion.
Chained, they struggle in oral rituals.*

*Lick, suck, they grasp what they can.
Their fingers keep seeking;
But find only the flesh of man.*

*Skin deep, they survive.
Ignorant that it is foolish.
Barely aware, they stay alive*

Sickly Ephemeral Xanadu.

Anonymous

Thoughts By the Pond:

*It's so quiet tonite.
Except for the quacking
Of the ducks in the pond.
The green blanket under me
Fills me with nature's peace.
I wait until all within is
Still.*

*I want to hear the nite's soft voice.
The soft rumble of cars going by
Diverges my attention for a moment.
Recapturing my thoughts,
I stare across the shimmering
Ripples in the pond.
The last light of dusk vanishes.*

*"Peace, quiet, truth are all
That matters," says the nite.
"Peace, quiet, truth are the
Life of the soul.
Peace, quiet, truth are
My only words tonite."
Hush.*

*I gather my belongings and
Walk to the street.
The silence my ears once knew
Is bombarded with chaotic rumbling of
Busy street cars, busy drivers, caught
In a Busy Noisy World—never to hear
The nite's soft voice.*

Michelle J. Abboud

Apollo in a dark sky

*until today you were frozen
beyond the horizon, held
like a cloud in the womb
of the mountains.*

*dark sky descends
from the west. in a spark
of lightning you are born
again in my mind.*

*when the wind blows
down the beach
I can feel your touch
in the sting of driven sand.*

anonymous



I AM

*I AM, not because I think I am,
but because I AM.*

To be.

Just to exist.

To be who you are.

To expect no more

And give no less,

So simple

Joyous reality

The Wonder of wonders

m.j.a.

I Have A Wish

*May I live thru
This night?
Please see that
I can
Live all the
Way into the Light
of Tomorrow.
Let me feel the
warmth of the sun.
See the birds in
Flight.
Let me touch the
Blossoms of flowers.
Let me see beyond
Mountains and Forests
to the Glistening of
the shimmering ocean.
Light overcomes shadow.
Free me from this
Dark Night that I
May see tomorrow's Truth.*

—
Michelle J. Abboud

reasons to believe

*out of the stunning dark
holding on to dead trees
holding on to twigs and branches
expecting the Messiah to come
and killing him when
he does*

*out of the falling night
picking out the first star
then calling it satellite
or meteor knowing that
the star first seen seems
to capture your soul*

*here are reasons to believe:
a son bellied to Eve
belies a son eventually torn
holding death in the form
of the hidden man, the
lonely woman, the awakening
life*

*there are many reasons
to believe, have a faith
that you have found one*

anonymous

Fragments of Love

*A flower crushed between the pages of time
A kiss so sweet and ever so fine
Those days spent full of joy and sorrow
I cry about today, but will never forget tomorrow.
Why did you leave me when things were so good?
Though every time I asked, you said you never would.
As I look through this book about our love and sorrow.
I think I'll tear out this page and save it for tomorrow.*

Toni Perricone

Karaté:

*Controlled peace, the mastery of the art.
Bring your hands together, long and thin.
Knowledge: movement controlled.
Peace, I know I am.
Feel the oneness with yourself.
Your hands are your instrument,
Your legs, your direct power.
Dance, lift, Balance.
Dynamic force, calm being
Kneel, power flows.
Yin, Yang Delicate Dance
Karaté*

Michelle J. Abbott

Majestic Song

*An old tree swing
holds still under the shade of the
oak tree. Soft stirring anticipation
as spring starts to awaken things from
their long winter slumber.*

*The children are
the second generation to grow up here.
Grampa Joe built the tree swing
for his children and his wife.
All the joy and happiness that
swing gave his family.*

*Grampa Joe is dead now,
but his grandchildren inherited a place
to play. Now that another spring
is here again, the swing waits still
and quiet to welcome in springtime
with childs play.*

Abigail White

Matthew Brady rolled over on his back. He pulled his bulging biceps out from underneath the yellow cotton comforter. His black curly-haired chest glistened with sweat. He was exhausted.

He turned his neck to the left and his head fell gently into the soft white pillow. He looked at Tina and smiled. Her sandy-brown tresses fell gently on her bare tanned shoulders. Black lines of her mascara were smudged under her blue eyes. Tina nestled close to Matthew's warm muscular body. She lazily draped her legs over his hard thighs; and lay her cheek on his sweaty matted chest. It had been this same way for the last five months.

Matthew stretched his long arm over Tina's chest and clutched the walnut alarm clock from the nightstand. The pink fluorescent numerals blinked 1:10 a.m.

"It's that time again, Tee. Do you want to hop in the shower first?"

"Oh, Matt, let's just lay here for another half hour. Please honey?"

When she spoke in that breathy voice he found her hard to resist. He grabbed the red pack of Marlboro's, turned the plastic-wrapped carton upside down and smacked it against his calloused palm. With his other hand he reached for the white embossed matches bearing the "Marriott Hotel" insignia. He lifted the cardboard cover and struck a match. Tina Brady caressed his lean, muscle-ripped back while he smoked.

Matthew and Tina languidly lay on the soft, king-size mattress of their cranberry-wallpapered hotel room. In their hours spent together, they were enormously happy.

The champagne-colored carpet provided ample resting ground for their bundle of disarrayed clothing. Matthew's worn black leather belt lay over the back of a Louis XV chair. Tina's light-blue jeans were carelessly strewn on the floor. A solitary brown tweed blazer hung in the walk-in closet; and a white wing-tipped shirt and tan pair of trousers were crumpled on the floor beside the bed. Matthew had come directly from work. His job as a tax attorney for the Internal Revenue Service was very demanding. These unburdened hours with Tina, of carefree love, were what kept Matthew going. Tina spent her days shopping at Neiman Marcus, lunching at "Tatiana's" with her tennis friends, and finally, engrossing herself in the lives of the daily soap operas.

Tina lifted her head from Matthew's chest and roaminly kissed his anxious body. His excitement grew. Their lips touched, a soft meeting of moist probing.

When Tina finally entered the shower, the walnut alarm clock blinked 3:17 a.m. They were late. They didn't care. The sound of the water hitting the beige Italian shower tiles was loud and inviting. Matthew gently turned the brass doorknob of the bathroom door. He entered.

"Matthew?"

He stood before the frosted glass of the shower door and watched her rhythmic soaping motions. Matthew slid the door open. Their bodies entwined in a spray of hot, pelting water and white, frothy lather.

When they stepped out twenty minutes later, they towel-dried their sopping-wet bodies. The large salmon-colored bath towels with the huge "M" monogram felt good wrapped around their bodies. Matthew draped his towel around his waist. Tina had one towel covering her body and the

other wrapped turban-like around her head.

"Matt, this "trip to my mother's" was wonderful!"

He devilishly smiled at her. "Not half as good as my "weekend business trip." He winked at her.

"C'mon, it's time to get going, Tee."

Reaching into his travel bag Matthew drew out a blue hard-plastic comb, and parted his black slickened hair to the side. He then generously poured "Polo After Shave" into his open palms and slapped them against his grizzled neck.

Tina plugged the white blowdryer into the wall socket. Her setting gel, styling mousse, and hairpins sat on the top of the white porcelain sink. Sliding her thumb up the handle of the blowdryer, she switched it on and began to dry her long hair. They began to get ready to leave.

Matthew gently kissed her on the neck and strolled into the other room to gather their clothes.

He laid out their day-old, musty clothes from yesterday on the thick quilted comforter. The clothes their fresh, just-showered bodies were about to step into again.

Suddenly, the door smashed open.

"Oh my God NO!", wailed Matthew.

There stood Mark Brady, his brother, the enraged face of a cuckold husband. He gripped a huge, black .44 magnum caliber gun in his right hand.

"You lousy bastard! You never could keep your filthy hands off my things, could ya Matt? ANSWER ME YOU BASTARD!!!!"

Matthew was stunned. How did he find us? Mark came at him.

"This time its my wife you want."

A tiny, inquisitive voice came from the direction of the bathroom.

"Matthew, Matthew, what is it? What's all the noise out there?"

Matthew never answered her. He was pleading with his brother to put the gun down.

"Mark, Mark listen t-tt-to me. It, it just happened. Oh God don't shoot me please?" He started to cry.

Mark screamed louder. "Get down on your knees you bastard, NOW!"

By this time, a shocked Tina Brady had entered the room.

"Oh my God Mark, what are you, how did, oh my God, you're gonna shoot us."

She ran to the safety of Matthew's arms. Mark waved the barrel of the heavy gun in Matthew's tear-streaked face.

"No Mark, no, NO, NO, please Mark, I'm sorry," Tina whimpered. She desperately tried to hug her deranged husband. He threw his bulky arm up and cracked his hand against her wet cheek.

"Get away from me you dirty little slut. With my brother, with my brother, I can't believe you would do THIS TO ME. I HATE YOU!"

In a surprisingly calm tone of voice, Mark spoke again. He knew, this time, he was in control of the situation.

"Did you think I didn't know, did you? I've known since New Year's Eve when you both offered to go out and get more ice. You returned two hours later. I almost believed you that all the stores had ran out because of the holiday and that you had to drive all over. Yes, I believed it, until the following week when Tommy Lewis, my teenage neighbor, asked me what my car was doing at the Tremont Hotel. He said him and his friends had

rented out a room there for New Years to party. He thought I was there for the same reason. That's when I first knew. I've just been waiting for the right time. He gingerly fingered the trigger and caressed the barrel of his .44, his gift to his wife and brother.

"Mark, you don't know what you're doing now. They'll put you in jail and ..."

"Shut up Matthew, you took away my life. Now, I'm gonna take away yours."

"He raised the gun and pointed at Matthew. His finger tight on the trigger. In that split second, Tina had jumped up in front of the gun to save Matthew.

"No Mark, don't sh----" She took the first slug in her chest. The impact sent her body reeling into the wall.

The second round exploded in Matthew's genitals. He screamed in agony. Mark ignored him and pumped a point-blank shot into the left-side of Matthew's chest. His body grotesquely convulsed and then he lay motionless. The two bodies lay slumped over one another as they had hours before. This time they would not leave the hotel.

Mark Brady surveyed the blood-spattered walls of the hotel room, and laughed at the agonized faces of his victims. Then he left.

"And so, from this story I have just carefully presented to the jury, I ask that you convict Mark Brady of two counts of 1st degree murder, based on the evidence we have seen today. Attorney Jim Gettings returned to his seat.

Mark Brady, nervously fingering his blue silk tie, sat next to his attorney. His face was drawn, his hair grayer, and black circles around his unremorseful eyes.

Brady's attorney, Thomas Jenkins, rose. Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you to search deep in your hearts. If *you* were Mark Brady, made a fool of by his *wife* and *his brother, his own brother*, wouldn't you have been angry? Maybe even angry beyond the point of no control? His lawyer was desperately pleading for a reduced sentence.

After a short session, the jury was deadlocked. These cases were never easy to decide on.

The trial resumed three days later where new evidence was presented. They charged Mark Brady with premeditated murder and convicted him of 1st degree murder on both counts.

While being escorted from the courtroom—a shattered man, he grabbed the accompanying officer's gun from the holster, put it to his temple, and one more time this year, pulled a fatal trigger.

Patrice-Anne Baillargeon

Still

*I have seen the Egyptians and Romans pass by my window;
Many more shall pass these eyes before I retire;
Under the ruins of one walled city I found a bow;
And the promise of tomorrow fuels the eternal Fire;*

*This existence I see spins below my feet;
But the timepiece of my soul ceases to follow;
Over the horizon I can not see my fate freed;
And I bow down in concession to that which make my
heart hollow;*

*I venture forth on this plane to fill this void;
The barren terrain filled by love;
Over the highest mountain and the deepest sea I search and
toil;
To reach that pinnacle that exists above;*

*I came across a land I'd known here;
And recognized the fields where I'd once played;
I had to stop in my tracks for fear;
And walking on the mines I'd laid;*

*The inevitable will prove that there is love;
Patience must rule as it wills;
I place my credence in god above;
But until this prospective comes... still.*

J. Edward Stevens

*Who knows
where the wind blows next
if the sky reflects the sea*

Notice that the birds float up in perfect harmony.
What if they were to tell you your life reflects your mind,
Not just your changing attitudes but also your desire.
A voice roars like a lion, "Stop and feel your Life,
and come to know it's you who creates the strife."
All is well, forever tranquil in Reality,
It is just our muddled thinking that perceives disharmony.
What if they were to tell you, you're life is what you choose
Would you crucify its implication, or follow its colored hue?
Could we believe that what we see is far from what can be,
And would we hear that inner Voice that is our destiny.

Corrine E. Lebrun

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood
 isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast
 surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament,
 out of itself
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding
 them.
And you O my soul where you stand;
surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans
 of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking
 the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the
 ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch
 somewhere, O my soul.

Walt Whitman